

I'll Watch Your Back

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Category: Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D.

Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: L. Fitz, Skye/Daisy

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-08 07:08:12

Updated: 2016-04-08 07:08:12

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:58:15

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,281

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Daisy apologizes to Fitz about how she handled the situation and in turn, he gives her some words of wisdom. Post 3x14 (Watchdogs).

I'll Watch Your Back

\_\*\*I don't own Agents of SHIELD. Post 3x14 Watchdogs\*\*\_

\* \* \*

><p>She watched him over the next couple hours from afar, making sure that the Nitramene didn't have any side effects. Thankfully, other than an irritating burn where the goop of death once laid on his neck, Fitz seemed pretty good.<p>

Daisy didn't know how to do this. She knew that it was her fault, that Fitz nearly died because she was an impulsive idiot, but as brave as she can be when fighting bad guys, Daisy was an absolute coward with things like feelings.

So, she avoided saying anything. Let Fitz hate her. He should. She was such a moron.

Unfortunately, it looked like fate was not in her favor because Fitz kept trying to talk to her, talk about what happened. Daisy managed to dodge it so far, coming up with excuses like training Joey or Elena, but sooner or later, she would run out of them.

Hearing very familiar footsteps, Daisy whipped around, hoping that someone else was around so she could strike up some conversation before sighing. There was no one else here. It looked like today was the day her luck ran out.

Fitz stood in front of her, arms crossed and blocking the exit. "Please, just let me talk," he begged. "I know I messed up, and let

myself get hit, and I was being an idiot, but-"

Daisy held up a hand to stop his rambling. Outside, she remained stoic. Inside, she was banging her head against a wall. Of course Fitz would think he messed up even if it was nowhere near his fault.

Fitz stopped talking, looking to her with desperate eyes. "I don't blame you. Nothing that happened is on you," she said firmly before walking around her friend and out the door. It was true, she didn't blame Fitz. She blamed herself.

\* \* \*

><p>Fitz stood still, still reeling at Skye's,<em> Daisy's<em> words. If she didn't blame him, then why was she avoiding him like the plague?

Standing in front of the open door like an idiot for about a minute, it clicked. Daisy and Mack were super close. If anyone knew what Daisy was thinking, it would be Mack.

Mack remained in the medical pod due to the injuries he sustained in the fight with the Watchdogs, but he could still talk.

After explaining the situation to his friend, Mack sighed and gave him a pained smile. "Kid's blaming herself for everything. She has a tendency to do that."

Fitz thought back to how scared Skye, \_Daisy\_ was after going through terrigenesis.\_ Everything's my fault\_, echoed through his ears. \_There is something very wrong with me.\_

He groaned and held his head in his hands. For someone who was supposed to be a genius, he could be an idiot at times. Damn it, why didn't he think of that sooner? It was hard to remember these days, but even though Skye, Daisy appeared like a leader who was confident and knew everything, on the inside, she was just as insecure as when she met them. "What do I do?"

"My advice, you just give it to her straight. Don't hold back on the punches. It's what she likes the most. Find some way to get through to her that you don't blame her for everything that happened."

"Thanks Mack," he replied. He had to go find her.

\* \* \*

><p>Fitz cornered her again. Daisy mentally sighed. It appeared she hadn't made it clear to him that she wanted to be left alone.<p>

"I know that you probably don't want to see me, and that's okay, because I get it, but I-"

"Just spit it out, Fitz," Daisy finally said, putting an end to the rambling.

"Right." Fitz scratched the back of his neck nervously. "You know what happened with the Watchdogs and the nitramene wasn't your fault

right?"

Daisy nodded, hoping he could just leave already. That didn't look like it was the case, as Fitz just sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose, like he always did when he was frustrated.

"I don't think you do. I think that you're blaming yourself for everything, that you're punishing yourself by not talking to me. It wasn't your fault."

"Yes, it is!" Daisy finally shouted. "You nearly ended up as a little ball thanks to me! If I had just waited for backup or thought of some other way, that would never have happened."

"Maybe," he conceded, "But it doesn't matter. Whatever happened, happened."

"How can you say that?" She hissed. "How can you act like me almost getting you killed doesn't matter?"

"Because I'm not mad at you. Am I disappointed about how you were pretty reckless and pushing the line? Yes, but I know I would have done the same in your situation. If someone was threatening lots of people, even ones I don't know, and I had some sort of connection with them like you do with the other inhumans, I'd be pissed at whoever was talking shit about them."

Hell, I jumped through a portal to another planet to save Jemma and you almost got yourself killed trying to hold that thing open. Yet for some reason, I don't see you yelling at me or hating me for that.

If I said I hated you for what happened, that you were some sort of jerk, I'd be a huge hypocrite. No one's perfect, Skye. That's what makes us human." He paused for a minute, probably to think of a revision to that statement. "Or inhuman. Or an Avenger. Or just anyone."

"It's Daisy," she replied. "You probably should have stopped at inhuman."

Fitz blushed. "Yeah, probably."

"Thanks though. I needed someone who'd give it to me straight."

He waved his hand lazily, brushing off the praise. "Friends watch each others backs. And give them a hard look into the truth every now and then."

"Still, I needed that chat. Thanks Fitz."

"Wait," he yelled before she could leave.

"What?"

"A piece of advice. Don't let this team of yours, and your first team, even SHIELD, take over everything you have. You've been working the hardest these past few months. Take a break, relax, go to Hawaii or something."

"Not Hawaii." Daisy shuddered. That just hit too close to Puerto Rico, which hit too close to home. "And it's not like I've got much outside of here, you know. Where would I go?"

"My mum always likes it when I bring over friends from work." Was this going where she thought it was going? "We have this great Fitz family dinner. It also happens that I've got plenty of vacation time, so do you want to accompany me?" Yep, it went there.

"I couldn't possibly intrude on a fam-"

"You wouldn't. Trust me, my mother loves Jemma and she'll love you too."

"Why not bring Jemma though?" She was grasping at straws here.

"I was thinking to, but Simmons said she was going to stay at base and learn more self defense. C'mon, it'll be great, I promise." Fitz brought out the puppy dog eyes. Why did it have to be the puppy dog eyes?

"Fine." Fitz grinned.

"I'll call talk to Coulson, see when we've got time off."

Daisy stared at the now empty doorway. Why'd she let Fitz wrap her into this? Why'd his puppy dog eyes have to be so convincing?

End  
file.